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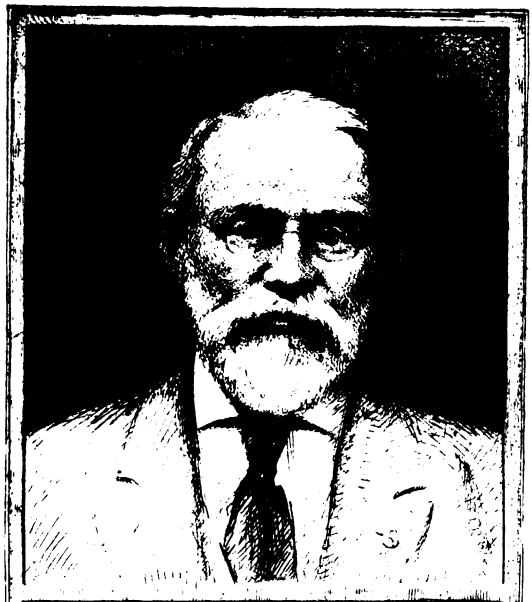

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DAN BLACK

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DAN BLACK
Editor and Proprietor

A Story by

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DAN BLACK
Editor and Proprietor.

A STORY

I

Dan Black was editor and proprietor of the *Northern Yankee News*, a weekly newspaper published in the early seventies in a lumbering town in northern Michigan. I know the town, and I knew the man. I have in my possession to-day a file of the *News* covering nearly two years. The volume number as well as the name would indicate that the paper was founded during the civil

war. Whether Dan Black founded the *News* or not I do not know.

Black and I sat at the same table at the Hemlock House, the pioneer hotel of the town (long since destroyed by fire); Black a man under forty and I a green college youth of twenty. My father's acquaintance at Washington had secured for me a government position, which I was filling with moderate efficiency and youthful conceit. During my residence in the town not a single reference to myself or to my position had been made in the columns of the *News*. This was the best and the only evidence which I had of Black's sympathy. I had no evidence whatever of his friendship.

The Hemlock House was a three-story white building of the usual order of pioneer hotels: hall in the middle, furnished with a hat-rack and one chair; bar at the right, with sawdust

on the floor; sitting room on the left, with six round armchairs, a table, an oil lamp hanging from the ceiling, some framed advertisements on the wall (one with a fly-specked mirror in the centre); a dimly-lighted room at the back of the bar, where town and county officials mixed other people's interests with whisky in seclusion and privacy. Back of this was the dining-room, a long, cheerful room with low windows, looking toward thick clumps of evergreen trees, a deep ravine, the rapids and the newly built saw-log drive. The hotel faced the river road, which at this time and at this point was the busiest street in the town.

The dining-room was popular, not because of its sunshine, or on account of its beautiful outlook, or for the excellence of the old-time country cooking. It had a flavor all its own, something apart from the aroma of

burnt spices or the fragrance of wild honeysuckle which climbed in at the windows. This flavor was Dorothy Clark, the waitress. I cannot describe her and do her justice. She was lovable every ounce, every inch, every minute. We love warm sunshine and bracing atmosphere and singing birds and beautiful flowers. In spirit Dorothy was all of these. Scarcely over twenty, small of stature but perfect in figure; an abundance of golden hair in a plait down her back; dark eyes, and the complexion of a pink rose; educated in speech and refined in manner; sweetness and frankness were reflected in face and voice and spirit. Dorothy was a princess from the wilderness in the North where lived her mother and younger brother, and where rested her father under the stately pines, one of which killed him in its fall. John Clark had moved from the suburbs of Boston

DOROTHY

to the wilds of Michigan to live, as he said, close to nature, and to forget, if possible, the misfortunes of his earlier life. Dorothy had come down to the civilization line to assist as best she could in earning the few dollars necessary to the support of the little family. Few knew her except as the pretty waitress of Hemlock House.

Dan Black and I met daily at dinner. He was invariably late, a habit of newspaper men which in his case had advantages. He usually came into the dining-room in a bustling hurry as though just off a train stopping five minutes for refreshments, bringing with him a bundle of evening mail picked up at the town post-office on the way. He ate leisurely, and delayed over his coffee and his newspapers long enough to give trouble, or perhaps pleasure, to Dorothy, in her effort to place the room in order. Black was tall, bony, awkward,

rather untidy in the matter of clothes, and had about him an air of devilish recklessness. His face was moulded and lined to the point of refinement, clean shaven, determined, kindly only when he smiled, which was seldom. One arm was withered and was pocketed in a sleeve with the cuff gathered to a bunch point by a running-string; one eye was totally blind and was hidden by a leather lap, kept in place by a cord which was lost to view in a head of thick, wavy, brown hair. In riveting the attention the double deformity was as nothing compared with the commanding figure and face of the man. Black looked like a fighter who had just returned victorious from battle, or rather who was on the march from one battle to another. He was a soldier who never stood at ease, who never went on furlough, who objected to dress parade.

Dan Black varied little in daily appearance or in daily conduct. If you knew him once you knew him always and in the same degree. Whether he knew you or not made no difference to him. In spirit you liked him, though you wouldn't confess it to your closest friend; in letter you hated him even to the colored inks on the lapel of his coat. Once in three or four times he would say good morning or good day; generally he said nothing; occasionally as he stumbled into his chair he would address a forceful remark to the plate or stab the fork into the table and call the mayor or the sheriff or some other political official a damned humbug.

Dorothy Clark served him promptly, assisted him in cutting his steak, and catered in a very kindly way to his peculiarities of appetite. She was unsophisticated, gentle, and sympathetic. On occasions when he was

feeling poorly she cooked him special dishes and served them in a style a little daintier than was the custom of the Hemlock House. Black treated Dorothy with a gruff tenderness. The bark of the man was thick and rough. There was no visible sentiment. His relations with Dorothy had in them only the merest suggestion of friendliness and affection.

In all matters of local politics, Dan Black, single and alone, was the opposition. He had no open support; not because of the principles he championed; these were always square and just and honest; but because Dan Black championed them. The causes he championed were lost, but the champion remained on the battlefield. It was impossible to take sides with Black and maintain any social standing in the community. Many citizens admired him, but the admiration was

the kind one has for an antagonist in battle who wins through greater skill or nerve or strategy. Black always held a trump card and he always played it; he always struck the last blow and he always struck it hard; his paper was his club and he used it without fear or favor. The neighboring newspapers referred to him as "Yankee Doodle Black," or as "Doodle Dandy Black," or sometimes simply as "D———D Black," and throughout the country he had a reputation for daring and doing which, though very sharply defined, was not the envy of exemplary young men.

I do not know where Dan Black was born or where he hailed from. I might without much risk of mistake intimate where he went to. During my residence in the town I had heard many conflicting stories concerning Black's earlier life, but these, like common

gossip, could not be traced to reliable sources. In conversation he was a man of very few words, and these were always blunt and to the point. I have a copy of the *News* before me as I write, and I quote, word for word, the official calendar which appeared as "standing matter" each week at the top of the first column of the editorial page:

NORTHERN YANKEE NEWS

Published every Friday

DAN BLACK

Editor and Proprietor

CALENDAR

July 4, 1834. Born deformed.
May 6, 1840. Lost one eye.
June 9, 1855. Killed Tom Gulsch.
Sept. 3, 1855. Sentenced to be hanged.
Oct. 7, 1855. Not hanged.
June 5, 1866. Went to jail.
May 1, 1867. Got out of jail.

TERMS

$2.00 a year; 5c. a copy.
Payable in advance.

What this all meant no one knew. Black refused to be questioned regarding his newspaper calendar, or, for that matter, regarding anything else pertaining to himself.

The *News* was a good seller. It was Dan Black's hobby broncho. It was a kicker of the liveliest sort. It had as many subscribers in the town as there were families, and more readers in the surrounding country than there were farms. Thumbed, greased, and smoked copies could be found in every lumber camp for fifty miles. In its own way and for its time and place the *News* was a great newspaper. It was in his weekly editorials that Black excelled. I shall not quote from these because the flavor of his most cynical cuts or of his most sarcastic thrusts would be lost on the reader without a knowledge of the local affairs of the town. But to give some little idea

of the general spiciness of Black's columns, I quote a few items of news taken at random from a half-dozen copies which I have by me as I write:

Miss Helen Roberts returned yesterday from a year in a fashionable boarding school in Detroit. It cost her father $360. The question is was it worth the money?

The *News* is in favor of paying fixed salaries to Mayor and Councilmen. They get salaries now from God knows where, and fix the amounts themselves. The whole bunch isn't worth more than $10 a week and whisky.

John Wentworth lies. The goods he advertised in last week's *News* were not as represented. There is lying enough in the town without paying for it at a dollar an inch.

Conrad Acker, a conceited farmer living on the south county line, left a basket of early rose potatoes with his compliments at this office on Monday. We don't want the potatoes and we have no shelf-room for compliments. The *News* favors raw religion and uncooked politics but it isn't a vegetable market. Acker's subscription will expire next month. He can have it renewed for $2 in currency.

The ladies of the Presbyterian Church will

give a church supper in Central Hall on Tuesday at 6 o'clock. Religious exercises of this kind cannot lead people far astray. Sheriff Watterson and Judge Pennock might find the stomach application just what they need. Tickets, 50 cents.

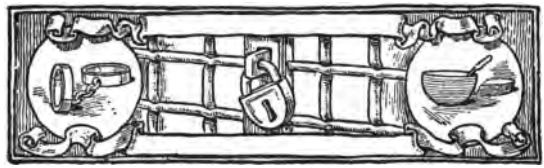
T. Fillander Brown, the new teacher, called just to make our acquaintance. He dresses beautifully, and looks as though he could spell and parse.

Job Astor owes us $23.15 for advertising for a year and a half. It is encouraging to note that the Astors have just bought a new piano for their daughter Katharine. She is a good player if she can play as well as her father.

The *News* doesn't care a damn what the *Saginaw Herald* says about "Doodle Dandy Black's" clothes. We wear clothes to cover nakedness, not sin, and the same quality weekdays as Sundays.

This was the *Northern Yankee News:* a four-page, badly-printed sheet with six or eight columns of reading and a miscellaneous assortment of advertisements. Its editor and proprietor was a wonderfully resourceful man. On one occasion Black's printing office

was burned; he traveled forty miles to a friendly shop; worked day and night; printed his paper and had it delivered on time. On another occasion the office was broken into in advance of a local election, and, evidently to block or delay the publication of the *News*, all the small type was stolen or damaged. The paper was issued as usual. Everything was set up in varying sizes of job type. Across the top in bold face was the following line: "Truth can be spelled in any size of type." Dan Black feared nothing, heaven or hell, man or devil.



II

I was both tired and hungry that night and was rather hoping that Dorothy would welcome me with one of Mrs. Cornfield's specially good dishes. It was in the early spring and I had been out of town for a week. A very early breakfast, a twenty-mile stage ride, and an afternoon on the river steamer, with two hours' delay on account of saw-logs in the river, had given me a good Northern Michigan, lumber-camp appetite. I went straight to the Hemlock dining-room, and found it empty. Presently a new waitress, a stranger to me, came in to take my order.

"Where is Dorothy?" I asked.

"Have you not heard of the robbery, sir?"

"No!" I said. "What robbery?"

And then followed an account in a very jumbled form of the stealing of $2000 from one of the rooms of the hotel. Suspicion had fallen on Dorothy. She had been arrested and was lodged in the county jail. The new waitress knew very little about the matter, and the little she did know she related in a very unintelligible way.

Dorothy arrested for stealing and in jail; this was simply unthinkable. Presently Dan Black walked into the dining-room and took his accustomed seat at the head of the table; Dan Black, the editor, whose ink was blood and whose pen was a two-edged sword. His shaggy hair had not been combed, and his face was worn and wild. His lone eye, accustomed to fighting unaided its battles with darkness and

deceit, seemed larger and more luminous than usual; it shone with liquid fire. Ordinarily Black was particular about his linen. His clothes were rough and threadbare and sometimes dirty, but his collar and cuff and flowing tie were always fresh and natty. Apparently he had no time for mere accessories; the minutes were too precious; there was no cuff, or collar, or tie; a woolen shirt was open at the neckband and swung back from a stiff sinewed throat; face and hands were unwashed; his whole body trembled with the tension of battle; even the withered arm jerked and twitched as though it wanted to free itself from the sleeve-bound prison.

This was Dan Black, the general, the colonel, the private soldier, all in one, single-handed and alone, in the thick of the fight, resting for mess, but with spirit and nervous force still

engaged in the active strategies of war. He had been fighting for Dorothy day and night, and with the most intense physical and nervous energy. In the opinion of the citizens the battle was over, and Dan Black had not only been completely routed but his enemies looked upon him as a prisoner who dared not leave the town.

I wanted to speak. I wanted to ask a hundred questions. Black knew that I liked Dorothy, though my affection for her was the affection which any man of heart might have for a girl of lovely disposition and of beautiful form and features. Dorothy had grown up in the pine woods of the North, and the environment of her early home had given her life an unusually attractive evergreen atmosphere. Dorothy Clark in a dismal, murky cell of the county jail; I couldn't believe it. Poor child, she

OLD CORNFIELD

had little of what girls to-day call pleasure. Two dollars a week and board. Cornfield, the proprietor, was a miserable old slave-driver; gruff, profane, stingy, and a go-between for all kinds of dirty political jobs. Dorothy was a maid of all work. She did almost every kind of chore outside of her duties in kitchen and dining-room. I have seen her tend bar in a pinch, and she was frequently called upon to harness a horse, to unload the stage baggage, or to carry freight from the wharf. Mrs. Cornfield was an ignorant, good-natured woman with much family sorrow and no sentiment. She was a good housekeeper and a good cook, and her success in these departments made the Hemlock the most popular hotel in the region. She was as kind to Dorothy as her nature was capable of; but the girl had no friends, unless it was the bird in the cage, or

MRS. CORNFIELD

the little pet spaniel which she brought with her from her home in the North, her constant companion and never-failing source of amusement.

I didn't ask a question. The tension was too great. It took courage to talk to Black. I hadn't the courage. His presence blocked the avenues of sound and made speech impossible. I knew that he preferred not only to be silent but to be alone. My hunger was now of an entirely different kind, and I left the dining-room without a word.

In an hour I had gathered the particulars of the robbery as they were known in the town. Colonel Haggerty, the paymaster for the North Saginaw Lumber Company, had come to the Hemlock House to meet the foremen of the river drivers and lumber-camps to check up their pay-rolls and make the regular wage settlement for the month. The men were to meet him

at ten o'clock on the morning following his arrival. The money had been forwarded in advance to the First National Bank, and it was delivered by the cashier in person to Colonel Haggerty in his bed-room on the first floor shortly after nine o'clock and before the colonel had his breakfast. There were five sealed packages, each containing one thousand dollars. The packages were numbered and had many marks and tags, the particulars of which were entered on five separate receipts given by Colonel Haggerty to the bank cashier. The packages had been put into a little hand satchel, and this had been placed on the floor at the foot of the bed. The Colonel could not remember whether he had shut the satchel or not; the bank cashier was of the opinion that the satchel had been clasped. Both saw the money go into the satchel and were agreed as to

where the satchel was placed. They left the room together, the Colonel going down to breakfast and the cashier returning to the bank. The door had a double lock, the extra lock having been put on some months before at Colonel Haggerty's request. There were two keys and both locks had been fastened, the one a modern spring lock and the other an old-fashioned ponderous box lock with a heavy key. Dorothy had the duplicate keys. These she carried with others in a bunch on a cord hanging from her waist. They were really part of her daily attire; the jingling noise which notified her coming; the rattle which served as a whistle for her dog.

Dorothy admitted having been in the room while Colonel Haggerty was at breakfast. She had gone in, she said, only for a moment to open the windows, as was her morning custom.

Ordinarily she and Mrs. Cornfield worked together in doing up the rooms after the breakfast was cleared away. The Colonel had been about thirty minutes at breakfast. Dan Black was at breakfast at the same time, at the table when the Colonel entered and there when he left. There was a good deal of confusion about the hall, bar, and sitting-room, owing to the arrival of lumber foremen, but no new guest had gone upstairs. Immediately after breakfast Colonel Haggerty had returned to his room. He had found the satchel where he left it, but open. Upon examination he had found two of the five packages of money missing. He had used both keys in unlocking the door upon returning; the two windows were raised less than six inches each; nothing else in the room appeared to have been disturbed. All these facts had come out

at the magistrate's trial, and the evidence in every particular was straightforward and convincing. Dorothy had admitted frankly that she was in the room, and it was proven beyond the shadow of doubt that she was the only person who could possibly have been in the room during the Colonel's absence.

Notwithstanding that Dorothy had protested her innocence in heartbreaking distress, she was committed to the county jail to await further trial. Bail had been fixed at the impossible figure of $5000; fifty dollars would have been quite as impossible. Dan Black had got a word with Dorothy at the close of the trial, and he was overheard to say that he would fight her cause to the death. Dorothy's only audible reply was, "Don't let my mother know." Poor girl, even if innocent, she would save her mother the disgrace of it all!

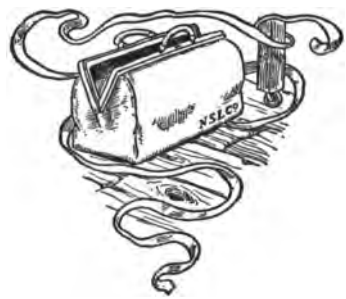
The officers of the law rather suspected that Black knew something of the stealing or in some unexplainable way had a connection with it, though there wasn't a straw of circumstantial evidence against him. The officials of the town hated Black with a bitterness beyond all reason. They refused his offer of bail and blocked his every attempt to secure bail outside. He requested permission to talk with Dorothy at the jail; he asked a conference with the lawyers; he tried to secure the coöperation of leading citizens; he met with failure at every turn. It was clear to me as I talked with the people that Black's cause had no sympathizers. In street corner gossip Black himself was the influence behind the girl, and some went even so far as to say that he had secured for her the position at the hotel for the express purpose of robbery as soon as

a favorable opportunity presented itself. What Dorothy did with the money appeared to be the only unraveled thread in the mystery.

I got the keys from Mrs. Cornfield in the morning, and examined carefully the room which Colonel Haggerty had occupied. I couldn't believe Dorothy guilty, and I wanted to satisfy myself regarding the whole situation. I found both locks of a kind quite impossible to open without the exact fitting keys. If Dorothy carried the only duplicates, Dorothy alone entered the room. There were two windows facing the street, an old-fashioned double bed, a washstand, a bureau, and three chairs. There was a stovepipe hole in the floor, covered by a loose iron plate a foot square, and looking into the sitting-room. The generally accepted theory was that Dorothy had dropped the money

through this hole to an accomplice; she had become frightened or had a warning note from below; otherwise all five packages would have disappeared. I noticed in the partition between the room and the hall a little opening about eight inches by ten, about five feet from the floor, apparently cut through after the house had been built to let light into a dark corner over the stairway, where stood a low built-in set of drawers for the hotel linen. A little curtain partly covered the opening on the inside. There was a ventilator over the door, but this I was told had not been open for two or three years. I could find nothing else that was the least unusual in the room, and concluded that the money must either have been dropped through the stovepipe hole or out of the window. I was loth to believe Dorothy guilty, and yet I must confess

that after examining the room thoroughly and gathering every scrap of exact information at hand I was left with just a little suspicion that Dan Black and Dorothy Clark were the robbers.



III

The *Northern Yankee News* was published as usual on the following Friday. I should like to have quoted Black's exact words, but this particular copy is missing from my file. There was a brief account of the robbery, with the statement that the officials had failed to find the thief. No reference whatever was made to Dorothy. The same issue contained an editorial headed "Crime," which burned with sulphur and brimstone. It had the knife-thrusts of battle. One by one it took sheriff and constable, magistrate and attorney, and consigned them, apparently out of consideration for the reputation of a warmer place,

THE JAILER

to the scorching heat of a fiery furnace. This editorial was Dan Black as I saw him in the dining-room of the Hemlock House two days before.

Dorothy Clark remained in jail; a miserably damp and gloomy stone building on the outskirts of the town; a cell in the darkest corner with a little iron-barred window too high to look through, a stone floor, an iron bed, dirty bed-clothes, a three-legged stool, no table, no books or papers, and walls covered with the filthy writings and records of some of Michigan's worst criminals. The jailer was one of the ring, a man without heart or feeling, and with a hatred for Black beyond all human measurement. He treated Dorothy like a dog and permitted no one to see her.

Two weeks later the report was circulated that Dorothy Clark was seriously ill. She had been ill for

some days, and at last the jailer, becoming alarmed, had called in a doctor. Dorothy was in a very serious condition; her sweet young life was completely crushed; her body a mere shadow of its former self; a burning fever consuming her brain. The doctor ordered her removed from the jail at once, and, accompanied by sheriff and constable, she was taken to the Hemlock House and given the very room where the robbery occurred.

Dan Black arranged with Mrs. Cornfield for comfort and quiet in the sick chamber; he consulted personally with the doctor and was noticeably anxious for the girl's recovery; he sent a team back forty miles into the wilderness for Mrs. Clark and the little brother; he placed on a table by the bed a bouquet of the most beautiful roses the town florist could furnish. He proved himself a friend in need and in deed.

Dorothy lingered through the night and into the next day totally unconscious of everything and of everybody. In her delirium she was being chased by a pack of wolves, or drowning in the lake, or playing with her pet spaniel, or cutting Dan Black's steak.

Two Doctors held a consultation at noon on the following day. They reported that she might live through the afternoon, but that there was no chance whatever of her living through another night.

At nine o'clock that night the report went out that Dorothy Clark was dying. The citizens hoped that at the last moment she might make a confession incriminating Black, and several of the officials, including sheriff and constable, were in or near the sick chamber. Later in the evening the morbidly curious gathered at the hotel and crowded about the hall.

Inquiries for Black failed to locate him. He had not been to dinner, and his printing office had been closed early in the afternoon. Rumors with damaging inferences were freely passed about. Black had cleared out; he had committed suicide; he had given himself up; he had gone after Dorothy's mother; he had been arrested; and a dozen other improbable things.

I was in the room at the time; ashamed to be there, I confess, but determined to hear for myself Dorothy's parting message. The truth is I liked the girl. I might have fallen in love with her if it had not been for the absurd traditions of our family, which placed birth and position above brains and character. If my mother had heard that I was in love with a hotel waitress she would have had an epileptic fit. To her way of thinking it would have been a greater crime than

the breaking of two or three of the ten commandments. And yet it was from Dorothy Clark that I learned the primary lessons of a natural life filled to the brim with unadulterated honesty. She had been an inspiration to me. I couldn't believe her guilty; and even if she were guilty the punishment was out of all proportion to the crime.

The minutes seemed like hours; no noticeable excitement; no talking; cold perspiration on every brow; rapid heart beats; and a general feeling of nervousness. Presently Dan Black pushed his way into the room. His commanding manner and firm, determined step silenced even the appearance of resentment or surprise. It was like the arrival of a specialist physician after an hour of anxious waiting. A feeling of general relief seemed to take possession of every

one. Black went directly to the bedside, and took Dorothy by the hand. Her wide-open eyes had a glassy, appealing look as though she would ask some parting favor or blessing.

"What can I do for you, Dorothy?" he asked, his voice kindly and sympathetic beyond anything I had ever heard from his lips.

Dorothy seemed to rouse a little, and then replied, in a husky, broken, parched whisper: "I want mother to pray."

This was the first rational word which she had spoken for days; and this was scarcely rational, for her mother, so far as Dorothy knew, was forty miles distant.

The end seemed very near. Her eyes closed; her hand gripped the bed-clothes as if in the tremor of a dreadful chill; the sorrow of her life expressed itself in one long heart-broken sob.

Dan Black's blood flushed his face. His great awkward frame shook with excitement. He looked on the people in and about the room, and asked if Mrs. Clark had come. He enquired for one after another of the clergymen of the town. He seemed crazed to the point of despair. Finally, in sheer desperation, he got down on his knees, his head erect and thrown back, his face twitching with passion, his lone eye tightly shut, his good arm with clenched fist pounding the air, its withered companion beating the coat sleeve like an imprisoned bird. There was a long and ominous pause before the awful stillness was broken:

"Lord God Almighty, this is Dan Black, a miserable sinner. Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory; but this Sodom and Gomorrah is full of damned scoundrels. Make me Thy servant to do Thy work. These

thirsty hounds have chewed the life out of this poor helpless girl; crucified innocence to save the law; sacrificed love to cover up sin; killed for spite; killed for money; killed for selfish greed. I killed Tom Gulsch to protect a sweeter life and to save Thee the trouble, and at Thy word, O God, I'll push hot bullets through every murderer who is mixed up in this awful crime. And to thee be the power and dominion for ever, Amen."

With the closing words of this awful prayer Black broke down completely, buried his face in the bed, and wept like a child. He clutched Dorothy's hand in his, and presently, indifferent to every one else in the room, he prayed again, this time in a voice filled with tears and in tones of the most intense sorrow and distress:

"Jesus Christ, Thou who didst heal the broken-hearted and grant deliver-

ance to the captive, bless and comfort this poor sick girl. She hath borne her grief and carried her sorrow. Have compassion, too, on Dan Black. He is humiliated in Thy sight and in the sight of men. He too has been maimed and imprisoned for the transgression of others. He has been bruised for their iniquity. The sympathy of the world hid as it were its face from him. Dan Black has fought the battle of life without father or mother; with only one arm; with but one eye. He has never asked favors not even from Thee. Surely, O Lord, it is his turn now. Dan Black needs love and sympathy and brotherly kindness and coals of fire. He needs Dorothy Clark."

Then raising his head and reaching out as though he would take the poor sick girl in the embrace of a single arm, he cried:

"Dorothy, my child, you are my mother and my sister, my arm and my eye, my life and my love."

And dropping his head again to the bed he closed the prayer in words burning with intense personal feeling:

"Jesus Christ, heal her broken heart and bring her again to health and strength, and Dan Black's miserable life will from henceforth follow Thee and be Thine, O Lord, to do Thy will for ever and ever, Amen."

The room was charged with Christian sympathy. Tears were in everyone's eyes. Even the officers of the law were unable to hide the evidences of emotion. Dan Black's request was granted. He received a double blessing. Beginning in the heat of a passionate curse against his accusers and ending in the pleadings of a broken spirit and a contrite heart, Dan Black's prayer was the mountain pass from

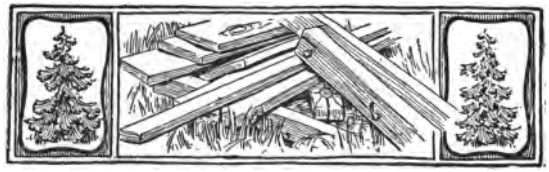
death unto life. Two travelers climbed its heights that night. Both were weary and heavy laden. There opened up to the one a new heaven and a new earth. Dan Black caught his first glimpse of God. For the other the shadow which covered green pastures and still waters was lifted from the valley. Dorothy Clark lived again. Her eyes opened and the faintest smile passed over her face.

The door had been closed to shut out the confusion of the hotel rooms below. Black had scarcely finished his prayer when my attention was directed to the little opening in the partition between the room and the hall. There, partly covered by the curtain, stood Dorothy's dog with a package in his mouth. He jumped to a chair below, then to the floor, and in a moment he had his paws on the bed; the package was laid on the pillow, and the dumb

companion and friend proceeded to lick Dorothy's cheek.

The mystery was solved. It was one of the two packages of stolen money. The little spaniel had many times before jumped through this small opening in his search for his mistress. In fact Dorothy had not only trained him in this very trick but had taught him to carry and hide packages in a sort of game of hide and seek. It is supposed that on the morning of the robbery he had gone into the room and in his playfulness had carried off and hidden the packages. He would probably have carried off the whole five thousand dollars if Colonel Haggerty had given him time. During the period of Dorothy's confinement in the jail the dog had been in great distress, and in some intuitive way had connected her absence and illness with the loss of the packages. He had been in the room when on the

morning of the robbery the officers of the law made their search which in his playful spirit he considered part of the game, and now he found the same officers present and his mistress seriously ill. The little spaniel's process of reasoning will never be known. However, he put two and two together and timed the arithmetic in a way to give a fitting climax to a very dramatic situation.



IV

The morning found Dorothy greatly improved. The arrival of her mother and little brother brought the needed family affection and sympathy. She had enquiring friends by the score and admiring attention the like of which she had never known. The cloud which had settled down on the town was entirely cleared away, and congratulations and apologies were numerous and sincere.

I found the other missing package myself on the following day. I had taken part in some of these hide and seek games and knew a few of the dog's favorite hiding places. This one was under the corner of a nearby pile

of lumber. I was called out of town again for a few days, and upon my return I found that Dan Black had taken Dorothy and her mother and brother back to their little home in the pines. When I met him again in the dining-room of the Hemlock House, he remarked incidentally that the Clarks lived in one of the prettiest spots he had ever seen, and that he had really needed the two or three days' rest which he had taken.

Three months later it was whispered about that Dan Black, editor and proprietor of the *Northern Yankee News*, and Dorothy Clark, late waitress of the Hemlock House, were to be married. The story was told also that Black's life, written by himself, was to appear in the *News* on the publication day following the wedding. Both events were looked forward to with the most intense curiosity. The mar-

riage was solemnized quietly in a little home which Dan Black had furnished for Dorothy and her mother and little brother. The *News* was published as usual, but the only personal reference which could be found anywhere in the paper was this line added to Dan Black's Calendar:

"Sept. 3, 1873. Married a wife."